

# Monongalia Mirror

A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

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## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

### THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath bells are pealing  
Upon the morning air,  
The glorious sun is gleaming  
In beauty every where;  
And from the crowded mart,  
And from the distant hill,  
A human mass, with thankful heart,  
Are come to learn God's will—  
To learn and do.

Oh! shall the day pass by  
Without an effort made  
To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,  
And bid earth's pleasures fade?  
Oh! Saviour, guide my feet to-day,  
Up to thy dwelling place,  
And teach my erring heart to pray,  
And seek thy pardoning grace.  
October 10, 1852.

### THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

The death of our highly esteemed friend, David W. Patton, of Smithfield, Pa. which took place last Spring, was occasioned by a Cancer, commencing on the hip, and eating away the entire chin! His sufferings were protracted and excruciating. His physical energies gradually sunk, leaving the mind unimpaired. In this situation he wrote, upon the bed of death, the following lines, which were recently handed to us for publication, for the satisfaction of his numerous relatives and friends:—

Smithfield, March, 1852.

DEAR FRIENDS,  
I have so lost my speech,  
and become enfeebled, that it is with difficulty I can write so as to be read. I was anxious to write down a few reflections that I have had in view of my departing moments. I have enjoyed a good degree of comfort in all my suffering, and after I found that I could not get well I gave my soul into the hands of my Saviour, that he would do all things well. I then, for days together, would think of nothing else but my soul's eternal salvation. I was brought to the feet of Jesus and his cross as the place for me; and in coming to Christ I was brought to see human nature in all its deformity and wretchedness, and I was enabled to see the great goodness of God in the salvation of sinners. But I came to Christ a poor sinner, unable to do any thing for my salvation, or answer for one of a thousand of my transgressions; and if ever I am saved it must be by Redeeming Grace and dying love. I have looked over what we call the Calvinistic doctrines of the Baptists, and I can say, with gratitude to God, that they have been my stay and support in some sharp contests with the powers of darkness. When Death was making rapid strides towards me, and I perhaps in strong hopes of a speedy recovery, all at once I would be alarmed, and all the hope I entertained dashed to the ground. Every thing betokened my utter fall. But I thought of what God has promised his people: how that grace according to his day, and riches of glory and riches of grace, all that could be desired—and these promises as firm as his throne and as sure as his mercy. I have spent hours in contemplations like the above, and the stories of the other world would almost appear. I have but few desires, live, with the exception of my family and a few kind friends, and I think would be as well off if it was the Lord's will to permit me to go. My day is full, I would exhort you to seek the pardon of your sins, the justification of persons, and the sanctification of souls. Live close to the cross—when you come to die you will made happy.

## From Our Correspondents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Oct. 27.

I am now in the "Queen City" of the West, and have taken my seat to drop you a line on "matters and things" by the way. After being disappointed for two or three days, owing to the crowd of passengers in the Stages, I took my seat, in connexion with Mrs. P. and daughter, Miss C. and my mother, at Clarksburg, on Monday last, about 11 o'clock, A. M., and arrived safely at St. Mary's at 11 o'clock, P. M. Nothing of interest occurred on the route. The coaches are good—the drivers cautious—and the road in excellent order.

At St. Mary's, however, things assumed a different appearance. The Tavern at which the stages stopped, is kept by a Mr. Stoupe, a drunken Dutchman, who is as destitute of principle and moral honesty as a Jack.

Our baggage was taken into the house, while we were ushered into a room where the landlady and all the young ones about the diggins, were in bed. We soon saw our mistake, but did not know how to remedy it. We determined to do the best we could, and get off as soon as possible. We called for something to eat, but the cooks were all in bed. We finally persuaded a girl, we saw passing about to make us a little coffee. She hesitated, made all sorts of excuses, but at last consented. And when it came, lo! and behold, there was a about a tea-cup full in a bowl, with a little sugar, but not a drop of cream in it. We got neither bread, butter nor meat; nothing but a tea-cup full of coffee, without cream, served up in a bowl, was every drop that could be raised to satisfy the hunger of five persons. This was too provoking. A council was held, and after a full discussion of the subject, it was unanimously resolved to move our quarters elsewhere. I stepped out in the street, and while there espied a light in Mr. A. Creel's splendid brick mansion. Nothing daunted at the lateness of the hour, I approached the dwelling and walked in; and for the first time, learned that he kept public house himself. I immediately returned for my company and baggage, called for the landlady, and asked the bill. And what do you think it was? Why 25 cts. apiece for carrying our trunks into the house, and 50 cts. for the tea-cup full of coffee; making, all told, \$1.25. I remonstrated, spoke of the injustice of the thing—but to no purpose. The bill must be paid, or my trunk be retained. After informing the gentleman (if such a name may be applied to such a being) that I should institute legal proceedings against him, (which, by the by, I am determined to do) and publish his doggery to the world, I took my leave of the place—and one, that if you take into the account the landlady and bar, approximates nearest the infernal regions of any place I have ever seen in my life. Allow me to ask, before I leave this topic, is it not amazing that the Stage Company have selected such a stand for a stopping place?—And that while they are throwing out every inducement to the public to patronize their line, carry them to a house for lodgings, where they are as certain to be swindled as that they enter it. The public should be informed on this subject, and abandon this route, or make the Stage Company abandon Mr. Stoupe and his house. There is a Tavern in St. Mary's that is worthy the name, and the patronage of the public. It is kept by Mr. A. Creel, and, from the acquaintance I have with Mr. C., I am satisfied he is the man for the place, and will do all in his power to render those who give him a call, both comfortable and happy. Call on him. There is some coffee there that may be obtained at a lower mark than 50 cents a cup.

The river was too low for boats. None had passed down for several days, and no prospect of any soon. We accordingly determined to take the packet boats to Zanesville, and the cars from thence to Cincinnati. We left St. Mary's the same night, and arrived at Zanesville at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning. At this point we took the cars for Columbus, and, for the first time in my life, was wheeled along by the "iron horse" at the rate of 25 miles an hour. After the slow process of staging, walking, steamboating, &c., it was truly refreshing to move, for once, in life, at a speed something faster than a snail's gallop. We felt somewhat in the mood of the chap who prayed for "a blessing on the man who first invented sleep." We could also say "a blessing on the man who first invented railroads." We arrived at Columbus about 11 o'clock, P. M., and remained there until 6 the next morning, when we took the cars, and passed through a rich and fertile section of the State, highly cultivated and improved in the latest Yankee fashion—dotted here and there with beautiful villages and splendid farm houses, surrounded on every hand by wealth and refinement. Arrived safely at Cincinnati on Wednesday, at 11 o'clock, being two days only on the road. The city is now healthy. Our friends were all well.

Yours, C. K.

### Religious Papers.

Although the religious newspaper press of the country has done a great deal for the cause of learning, morals and religion—more perhaps than in any other country of the globe—is not appreciated as it should be, and in most instances poorly sustained. Very few religious newspapers, especially in the Presbyterian church, have succeeded, until after years of patient persevering efforts have been spent by the editor, or publisher, or somebody else, and then only by the sacrifice of much time and money.

The religious public do not regard the newspaper, as it has appeared to us they should regard it. It is a public benefactor, just as really as the domestic or foreign missionary is. It goes forth, week after week, to the cottages of the poor and the better dwelling of the rich, to speak to the young and the old of truth and duty, of Jesus Christ, and the hope of heaven through his blood, and it conveys often in the choicest language and the happiest method, such lessons, reproofs, warnings and exhortations, as are needed by all classes and conditions of society, saints and sinners. It often speaks of the church at home and abroad—sometimes, too, questions of interest to the political, scientific and agricultural world are discussed in its columns—and the news of the day goes forth through the same medium, to the ends of the earth. It affords material for conversation in the family circle, at the social gathering, by the way side, and everywhere; and pastors often get some of their best suggestions from its original and selected articles. Such are a few of the advantages of the religious newspaper, and yet we may say, with the aid of Sheba, "the half has not yet been told."

**The Religion of Animal Magnetism.**—One writer on the subject says: "May not Magnetism be the instrument of healing all diseases, making the blind to see, and even curing the sin-sick soul?"

Let not the reader turn away from this, as it is only the vagary of some lunatic. It is rather an index of the wayward driftings of a portion of the popular mind. When men have repelled and disowned God's truth, there is no measuring the depths of absurdity and nonsense to which they may sink. They find one universal cure for all diseases, and even a physical remedy for a "sin-sick soul!" One would suppose they could not have the first sane idea about either body or soul-sickness or sin!

But the lapse of the human intelligence into fatuity has, we doubt not, a moral cause. It is only the darkness to which God leaves men who scorn and reject his own heaven-revealed light. It is a warning beacon to those who love darkness more than light, and hence go not "to the law and to the testimony" for truth and duty, but to the latest absurdities of the Prince of Darkness and lies.—Oberlin Evangelist.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

From "America's Own."

### DANIEL WEBSTER.

Scarcely have the sods been heaped upon the grave of Harry of the West, ere the tomb must be opened to receive all that remains of another bright star of this Republic—DANIEL WEBSTER. The Demosthenes of America is no more! Daniel Webster is dead, and the country mourns his loss. He needs no eulogy—his fame is written deep in the hearts of his countrymen: all parties acknowledge that he possessed the most gigantic intellect of the age. The *New York Evening Post*, a journal of opposite political views from Mr. Webster, pays him the following tribute:

"He never betrayed the politician in the tone or language of his speeches; whatever might be the secret motives of his heart, he always rested his policy upon professedly public grounds, and discussed them from a national, and never from a personal or a partisan point of view. In this respect Mr. Webster's political speeches stand in admirable contrast with the style of parliamentary oratory which ordinarily prevails at Washington, and we cannot but think that the loss of his admirable example, in this respect, has been sensibly felt by the Senate since he ceased actively to participate in the deliberations of that body."

His life has left few lessons of greater value than may be gathered from the elevated tone of his Congressional speeches, in which he never made one undignified appeal, or indulged in one personal or an unparliamentary allusion. We do not recollect an instance of Mr. Webster's being called to order, or of his being out of order during the whole of his parliamentary life. This can hardly be said of any other person who ever held a seat in the Congress of the United States more than a single term.

For the annexed synopsis of his life we are indebted to the *Evening Post*:

Daniel Webster, the youngest son of Ebenezer and Abigail Webster, was born at Salisbury, in New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782, the last year of the Revolutionary War. He was, therefore, aged seventy years, nine months and six days, when he died. In May, 1796, and in his 14th year, he was sent to the Exeter Academy, where he remained only a few months. In February, 1797, and in his 15th year, he was sent to reside and study with the Rev. Samuel Houl, the minister of the neighboring town of Bosworth, where, for his board and tuition, his father paid \$1 per week. In the fall of the same year he entered Dartmouth College. In 1801 he completed his college course, and entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. Thompson, a next door neighbor of his father, a respectable lawyer, and subsequently a representative of New Hampshire in both Houses of Congress. Part of the year 1802 he spent in teaching an Academy at Fryburg, in Maine, on a salary of \$1 a day, acting at the same time as assistant to the Register of Deeds for the county. In September, 1802, he resumed his studies with Mr. Thompson, and remained with him eighteen months. In July, 1804, he took up his residence in Boston and pursued his studies with Christopher Gore. In the Spring of 1805, and in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Webster was admitted to practice in the Court of Common Pleas of Suffolk county, (Boston). The same year he opened a law office at Bosworth, near his father's residence. In May, 1807, he was admitted as attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. In September, 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, where he continued in the practice of the profession nine years.

In June, 1808, he was married to Grace Fletcher, daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, by whom he had four children—Grace, Fletcher, Julia and Edward—of whom only Fletcher now survives. Grace died early; Edward was killed in the Mexican war; Julia married one of the Appletons, of Boston, and died a few years since. June 10th, 1813, (an extra session,) he made his speech, on moving a series of resolutions of inquiry relative to the Berlin and Milan decrees. During this Congressional term he spoke against the incorporation of a United States Bank and in favor of increasing the navy. December, 1813, his house, library, furniture and manuscripts at Portsmouth, were destroyed by fire. August, 1814, re-elected to Congress. Takes his seat in 14th Congress, December, 1815. In 1816 opposed the tariff bill, and avowed the doctrine that a tariff for protection was unconstitutional. April 11, again spoke against a National Bank, and against

any participation of the government in the management of such an institution if incorporated.

At the close of the first session, in August, 1816, and in the 34th year of his age, he removed his residence to Boston, Mass. March, 1818, argued the invalidity of the acts of the New Hampshire Legislature altering the charter of Dartmouth College. In 1820, was a member of the convention to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts, representing in part the city of Boston. December 22, 1820, and while a member of the convention, he delivered his famous Plymouth oration. Two or three years after, he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for ten days. This, with his service in the convention, covers the only part of his public life which was not connected with the National Government.

In the autumn of 1822 he was elected to represent the town of Boston in the 18th Congress, which commenced its session, December, 1823. 19th January, 1824, he delivered his speech on the Greek question, and in favor of sending a commissioner to Greece. Same year he argued the case of Gibbons and Ogden, before the Supreme Court, opposing the constitutionality of the grant by the State of New York to the assignees of Fulton, of the exclusive right to navigate the rivers, harbors and bays of New York. Same year he opposed the protection clauses in the tariff bill of 1824, and made a speech in opposition to Mr. Clay.

In the fall of 1824 he was re-elected to the Nineteenth Congress, by a vote of 4990 out of five thousand votes cast, "the nearest approach to unanimity in a Congressional election," Mr. Everett says, "that ever took place." During this session, he made his speech in favor of the Panama mission. 1825, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he reported the act of the 3d March, 1825, "more effectually to provide for the punishment of certain crimes against the U. States and for other purposes," supposed to have been drawn substantially by Justice Story. June 17th, 1825, he delivered his first Bunker Hill speech, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the monument. August 2, 1826, he delivered his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, whose deaths, by an impressive coincidence had occurred on the 4th of July previous.

June, 1827, he was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of Massachusetts. Near the close of this year Mrs. Webster died, while accompanying him on his way to Washington. In 1828, made his first speech in favor of protection, on the "Bill of Abominations," as it was called, embodying what has since been termed Mr. Clay's "American System." January 20th, 1830, made his first speech in reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, in the debate on a resolution offered by Senator Foote, of Connecticut. January 26th, 1830, made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, which Mr. Everett pronounced the most celebrated speech ever pronounced in Congress. Same year, we believe, married, second time, Caroline Le Roy, daughter of Herman Le Roy, of New York city, by whom he has no issue. Mrs. Webster is still living. January 24th, 1832, spoke against confirming the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister to England. Same year, supported a bill introduced by Senator Dallas, incorporating a National Bank. 15th and 16th February, 1833, made his speech in opposition to Calhoun's nullification resolutions and in favor of Gen. Jackson's "Force Bill." In the recess of Congress in 1833, visited the Middle States and made public speeches at Pittsburgh and Buffalo. At the next session opposed Mr. Clay's Compromise bill, providing for the gradual reduction of all duties to one uniform rate of twenty per cent. May 7, 1834, addressed the Senate in censure of General Jackson's protest against the resolution of the Senate, expressing their disapprobation of the removal of the government deposits from the U. S. Bank. March, 1834, read a protest against expunging from the records of the Senate its expression of disapprobation at the removal of the deposits. March, 1837, in response to an invitation from the merchants of New York, made a public speech at Niblo's Saloon. At the extra session of Congress, called in September, opposed the Sub-Treasury bill. January, 1838, opposed a resolution, offered by Mr. Calhoun, against the interference of Congress with slavery in the District of Columbia, declaring that it would be a "direct and dangerous attack on the institutions of all the slave holding States." Also, a resolution offered by Mr. Clay, as a substitute, declaring that such interference would "be a violation of the faith implied in the cessions by the States of Virginia and Maryland, a just cause of alarm to the people of the slave holding States, and have a direct and inevitable tendency to disturb and endanger the Union."—Mr.

Webster contending that there was nothing in the act of session, nothing in the constitution, and nothing in the history of this or any other transaction, implying any limitation upon the power of Congress to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over the ceded territory in all cases whatsoever.

1839. In the Spring, made a hasty tour through England, Scotland and France. 1840. Advocated the election of General Harrison. March, 1841. Appointed Secretary of State under President Harrison. April, 1841. Retained in office by John Tyler, acting President in place of Gen. Harrison, deceased. 1842. Negotiates the treaty of Washington. 1843. Resigns his seat in the Cabinet, and retires to Massachusetts. Sept. 22, 1843. Made a speech in defence of his administration as Secretary of State, at Faneuil Hall, Boston.

December, 1845, took his seat in the Senate in place of Mr. Choate, resigned. In 1845-6 opposed the annexation of Texas—the Mexican war, the Sub-Treasury bill, and the tariff bill of 1846. 1847.—In the Spring made a tour through some of the Southern States. His health prevented his going further than Savannah. 1847.—Opposed the ratification of the treaty of Mexico. 1848.—Advocated the election of General Taylor to the Presidency. 7th March, 1849, made his speech in favor of the admission of California, New Mexico and Utah, without the Jeffersonian proviso. Same year, appointed a member of Mr. Clay's Compromise Committee. Same year, appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Fillmore, acting President, vice General Taylor, deceased. May, 1851, made a tour through the State of New York, on occasion of celebrating the opening of the Erie Railroad.

DIED, October 24, 1852.

## POETRY.

Selected and Communicated.

### HEAVEN DESIRABLE.

Say, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,  
Undim'd by sorrow, unshorn by time,  
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,  
And the eye is fire, and the heart is flame?  
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?  
A river of water gushes there,  
And flowers of beauty strangely fair,  
And thousands of wings are hovering o'er  
The dazzling wave and the golden shore,  
That are seen in that sun-bright clime.  
Millions of forms, all clothed in light,  
And garments of beauty, clear and white,  
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,  
With fadeless hues of countless flowers,  
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.  
Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen,  
The swelling notes and the changeless scene,  
Their enigma are waving, their banners unrolled,  
Over the Jasper walls and the gates of pearl,  
That are reared in that sun-bright clime.  
But far, far away is that sun-bright clime,  
Undim'd by sorrow, unshorn by time,  
Where amid all things that are given  
Is the home of the saints, & its name is HEAVEN:  
The name of that sun-bright clime.

### TO MAKE OILY MANGOES.

The following capital impromptu was written at the request of a lady:—  
Horse radish shaved fine,  
In a very strong brine,  
For twenty-four hours must lay;  
Also one pound of garlic,  
White ginger, not scarlet,  
Must be served in the very same way.  
They must further explain,  
Must three weeks remain  
In the pickle aforesaid of brine;  
But first let me say  
That every third day  
You must change them, if you'd have  
them fine.  
Add, of pepper one pound,  
And should spices abound,  
Of cloves, mace and nutmeg, two ounces,  
Of white mustard-seed yet  
A whole pound you must get,  
And Tumeric\* it also announces,  
Put all this good eating  
In a mortar for beating,  
And pound it all up to a paste;  
And what is too bad,  
To this you must add  
A bottle of oil, O! what waste.  
In cold salt and water  
For a week they must loiter,  
Before their insides are put in;  
Then wipe them all dry,  
Their covers on tie,  
Sew them up with a needle or pin.  
A bottle of mustard,  
As yellow as custard,  
Must be made and in vinegar mingled;  
Then invite me to dinner,  
And as I'm a sinner,  
I think you will see them well fangled.  
Note.—The above receipt is for one hundred.  
\* Equal to about a quarter of a pound of Tumeric.

### IT WON'T DO.

BY WM. MATTHEWS.

It is curious how many thousand things there are which won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, whereon we rattle sleep, and get our dinners. For instance—

It won't do to plunge into a law-suit, relying wholly upon the justice of your cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose, or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains, or (if you have no brains) cracking your skull.

It won't do, when riding in a stage-coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an 'all-fired scoundrel,' until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

It won't do when snow-drifts are piled up mountain high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating girl, and not expect to get smashed with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick back at the horse in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids, in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a Legislature, led at the public crib, will sit but six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, because he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under an impression that you are killing the mosquito.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do for a young lady to presume that more than one third of the gentlemen who show her pointed attentions, have the most distant idea of marrying her.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him, because she always endures his company.

It won't do when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or to try to catch fleas with a fish net.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face till you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you, "Now, tumble over the cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

It won't do to take hold of a hair-trigger pistol during a fit of the blues.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair, while the back counties remain to be heard from.

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said "No."

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to talk of cabbage when tailors are standing by, nor of wooden nutmegs and white oak hams, when there are Connecticut Yankees about.

It won't do to go barefoot in winter to get rid of trouble from corns.

It won't do to take every man to do that you would like to do, even if so to do would be to do a favor. It won't do!

Yankee Blade.

### Eloquence of the Hands.

The hands are, by the very instincts of humanity, raised in prayer, clasped in affection, wrung in despair, pressed on the forehead when the soul is "perplexed in the extreme," drawn inward to invite, thrust forth objectionately, to repel; the fingers point, to indicate, and are snapped in disdain, the palm is laid upon the heart in invocation of subdued feeling, and on the brow of compassion benediction. The expressive capacity of the hands were never more strikingly displayed than in the orisons of the deaf and dumb. Their teacher stood with closed eyes, and addressed the Deity by those signs made with the fingers, which constitute the language of the speechless. Around him were grouped more than a hundred mutes, who followed with reverent glances every motion. It was a visible but not an audible worship.

A new remedy for hydrophobia has been found. The wound must be washed with warm vinegar, or tepid water, and well dried. Then a few drops of muriatic acid must be poured on the bitten part.